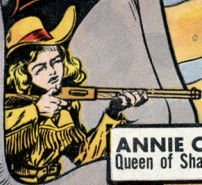


**COWBOY** No. 32  
**ALL COMICS**

# WESTERN

**COMICS**

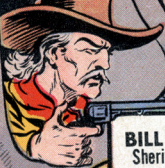
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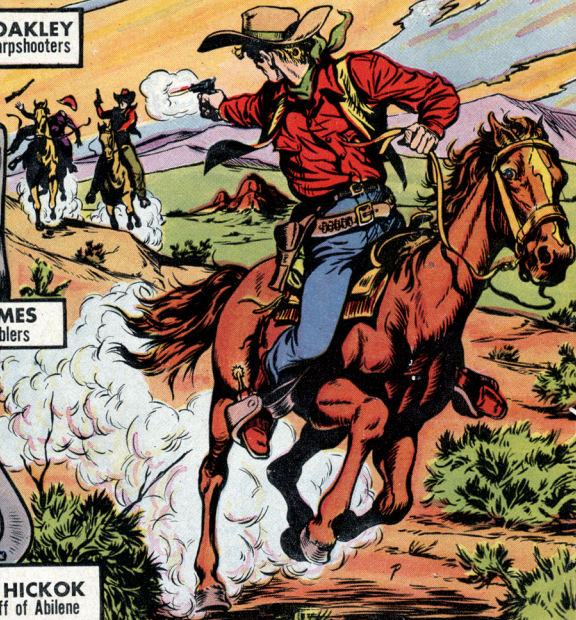
**ANNIE OAKLEY**  
Queen of Sharpshooters



**JESSE JAMES**  
And the Gamblers



**BILL HICKOK**  
Sheriff of Abilene



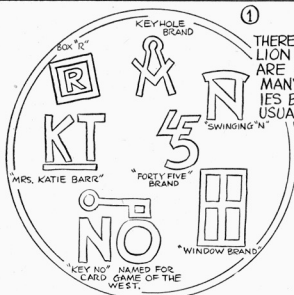




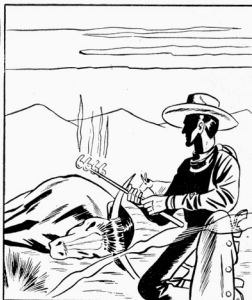
WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# The Poker Hand That Won A Ranch



THERE ARE OVER ONE AND A HALF MILLION DIFFERENT CATTLE BRANDS THAT ARE REGISTERED IN THE GREAT WEST. MANY OF THESE BRANDS HAVE STORIES BEHIND THEM BUT THE MOST UNUSUAL ONE IS THE BRAND WITH 4-6'S.



②

PEOPLE HAVE WONDERED WHAT THE STORY WAS BEHIND THIS QUARTET OF 6'S, EVEN THE COWBOYS WHO RODE AND BRANDED THE CATTLE ON THE VAST RANCH OF FOUR 6'S.

SORRY GENTS, YOU'RE HANDS AINT GOOD ENOUGH. I'VE GOT FOUR 6'S, READ 'EM AND WEEP!



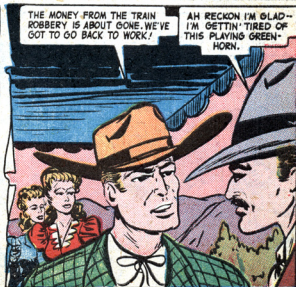
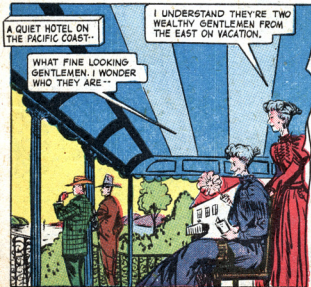
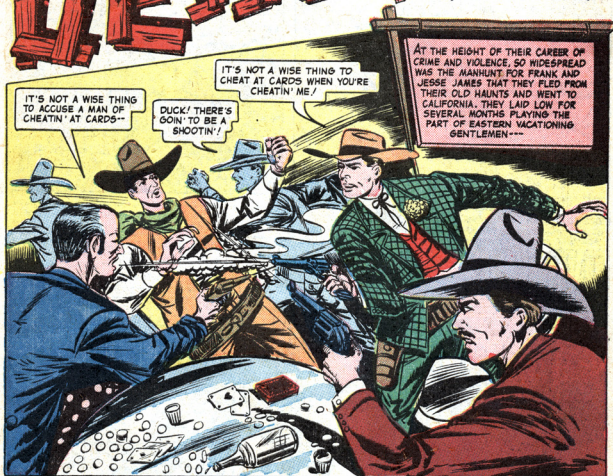
④

AND AFTER RAISING AND RE-RAISING THE POT WHICH WAS PRETTY SIZEABLE BY NOW, HE SHOWED HIS HAND WHICH CONTAINED FOUR 6'S. WITH THIS MONEY BURNETT BOUGHT A 200,000 ACRE RANCH IN TEXAS, AND TO THIS DAY YOU'LL SEE CATTLE WITH THIS BRAND.

THE STORY WAS TOLD RECENTLY, THE YEAR WAS ABOUT 1900, BURK BURNETT WHO HAD A FONDNESS FOR POKER, WAS PLAYING HIS FAVORITE GAME IN THE BACK OF THE TOWN SALOON, THE STAKES WERE HIGH-

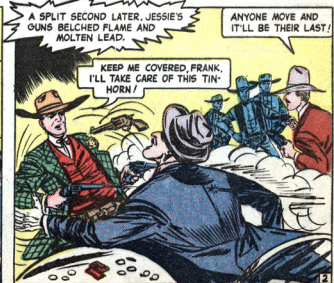
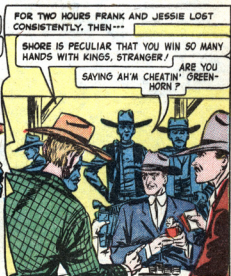
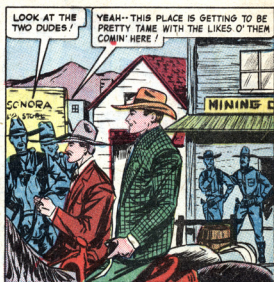
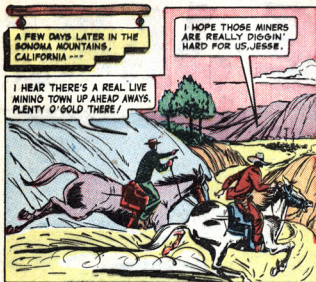


# JESSE JAMES





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





UNSEEN BY THE YOUNG OUTLAWS, THE SALOON PROPRIETOR ATTEMPTS TO INTERVENE ---

DROP THOSE GUNS AND PUT UP VORE HANDS!

JUMP BACK, JESSE! I'LL BLAST HIM OFF THAT BALCONY!



TAKE THAT!

QUICK, FRANK, GET THE HORSES!

COME ON! THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM!

THEY OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER'N TO FIGHT WITH US!



THEIR GUNS THUNDERING, THE MOST DEADLY OUTLAWS OF THE ENTIRE WEST CHARGED FOR THE HILLS.

WE GOT FOUR O' THEM. DID THEY HIT YOU?

NARY A SCRATCH--BUT THEY'LL BE AFTER US.



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

WE MIGHT AS WELL MAKE OUR STAND RIGHT HERE!

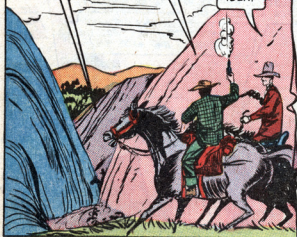
WAL, HERE THEY COME!



YOU MEN SURRENDER OR WE'LL KILL YOU!

COME AND GET US!

I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!



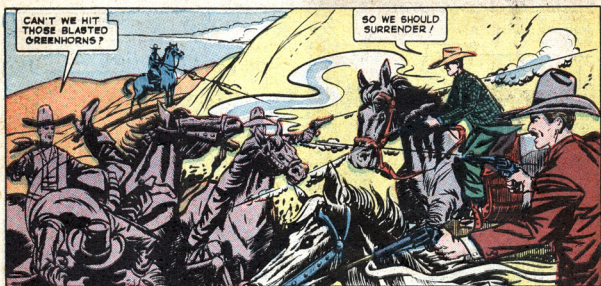
AS ALWAYS, THE JAMES BOYS PULLED THE UNEXPECTED--INSTEAD OF RETREATING, THEY AUDACIOUSLY CHARGED.

SHOOT STRAIGHT, FRANK. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS.

DON'T WORRY--I WON'T MISS!







CAN'T WE HIT THOSE BLASTED GREENHORNS?

SO WE SHOULD SURRENDER!



GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW WHO WE ARE!

I'M HIT, JESSIE -- LET'S GO -- LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



LEAVING ANOTHER FOUR DEAD MEN BEHIND, THE BROTHERS GALLOPED FROM THE SCENE--

SHOT BAD?

JUST MY SHOULDER. IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



AS THE POSSE RETURNS TO TOWN--

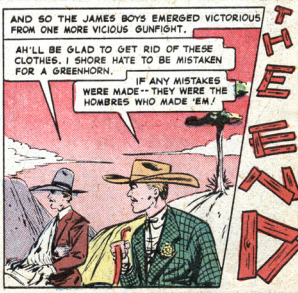
DID YOU GIT THOSE GREENHORNS?

NO, THEY GOT AWAY. THEY'RE THE BEST SHOTS I'VE EVER SEEN!



YOU CALL 'EM GREENHORNS? I WAS SURE I RECOGNIZED 'EM. THAT WAS FRANK AND JESSIE JAMES!

JESSIE JAMES! NO WONDER!



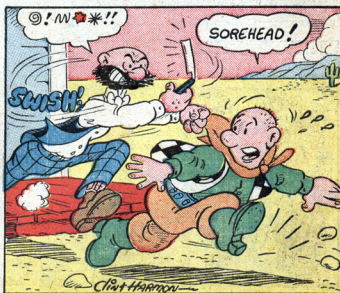
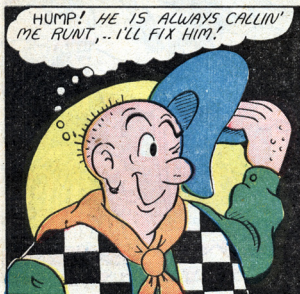
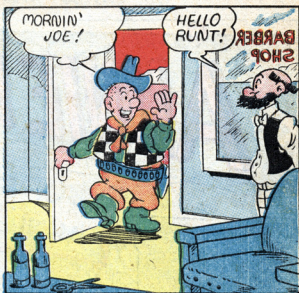
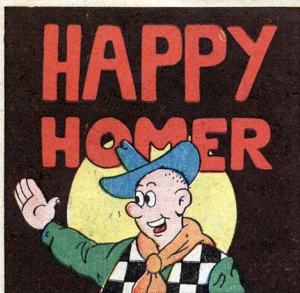
AND SO THE JAMES BOYS EMERGED VICTORIOUS FROM ONE MORE VICIOUS GUNFIGHT.

AH! HE'LL BE GLAD TO GET RID OF THESE CLOTHES. I SHORE HATE TO BE MISTAKEN FOR A GREENHORN.

IF ANY MISTAKES WERE MADE-- THEY WERE THE HOMBRES WHO MADE 'EM!

THE END







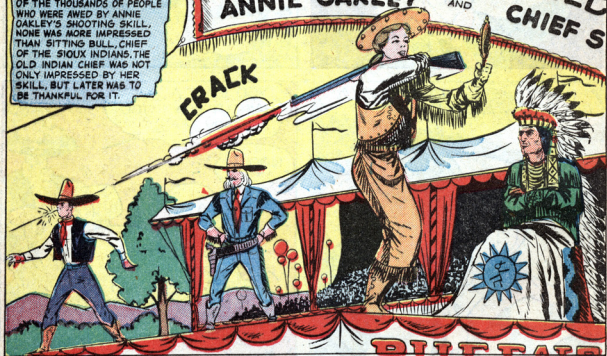
# ANNIE OAKLEY

QUEEN  
OF THE  
SHARPSHOOTERS

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD  
ANNIE OAKLEY STARRING  
AND CHIEF S

OF THE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WHO WERE AWED BY ANNIE OAKLEY'S SHOOTING SKILL, NONE WAS MORE IMPRESSED THAN SITTING BULL, CHIEF OF THE SIOUX INDIANS. THE OLD INDIAN CHIEF WAS NOT ONLY IMPRESSED BY HER SKILL, BUT LATER WAS TO BE THANKFUL FOR IT.

CRACK



ANNIE WAS A FEATURED SHARPSHOOTER WITH A WILD WEST SHOW WHEN SITTING BULL JOINED THE TROUPE--

SHOOTING NOT FOR SQUAWS--ONLY BRAVES SHOOT GUNS GOOD.

PLEASED T'MEET YOU, SITTING BULL / WELCOME TO TH' SHOW!

I'VE BEEN TELLING HIM ABOUT YORE SHOOTING, ANNIE. HE'S MIGHTY HARD TO CONVINCE!

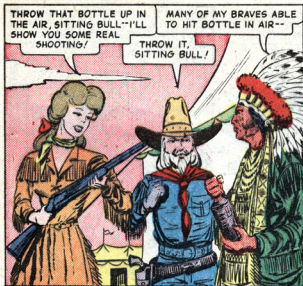
YORE IN FER A SURPRISE, SITTING BULL!

OF ALL TH' ORNERY NERVE!

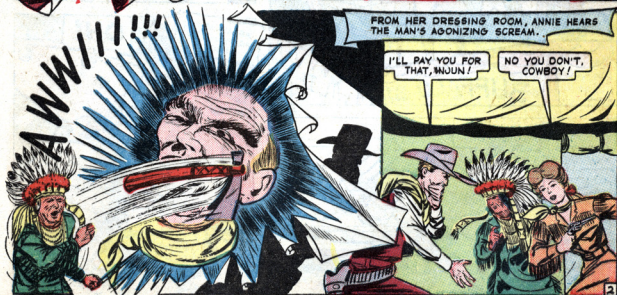




# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

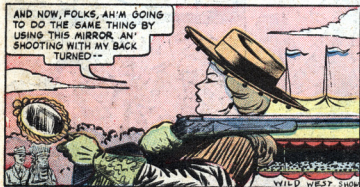
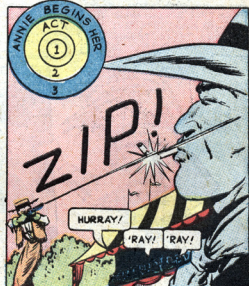
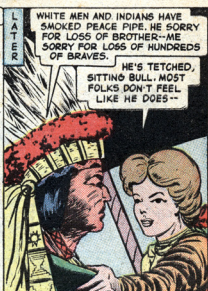
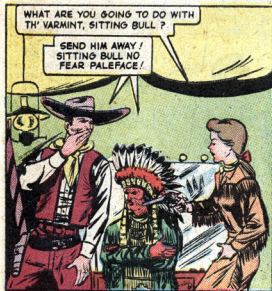


A MINUTE LATER

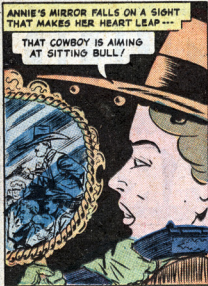




# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS







SITTING BULL DID NOT FORGET, ANNIE WAS ADOPTED AS HIS DAUGHTER AND WAS MADE A FULL-FLEDGED MEMBER OF THE SIOUX TRIBE.



THE END



# DENVER MUDD

## AND BUSHEY BARNES

*in*  
**"SOUPS ON" OR "PASS TH' BISCUITS BEFORE THEY'RE ALL GONE"**

AH DON'T KNOW WHY YO' WANTS TA' TAKE THESE ON A POSSE FER!.. BUT HYAR AH IS ALL SET TA IRON THINGS OUT!

YOU CACTUS HEAD! AH SAID 'GET YOUR "SIDE IRONS" NOT \*SAD IRONS

?

BY *JOHN HARMON*

\* HOUSEHOLD IRONS

YOU IS ALWAYS WORKING TOO HARD AT BEIN' SHERIFF DENVER, ... WAKE UP AN' PLAY ME A GAME O' HORSESHOES!

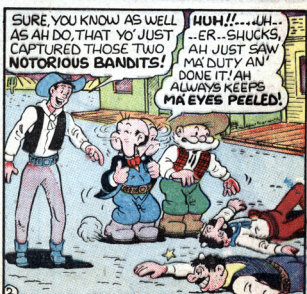
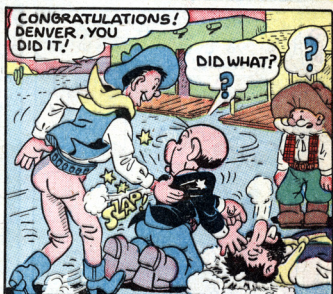
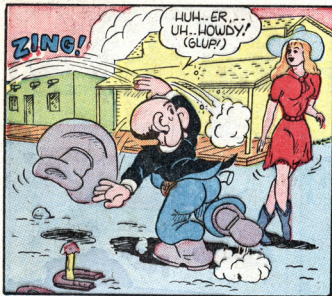
HUH?

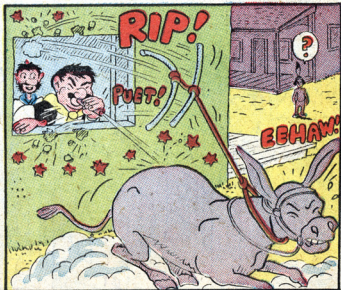
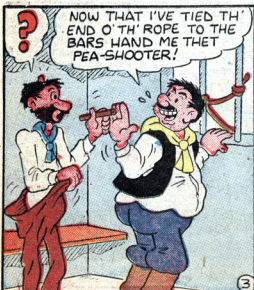
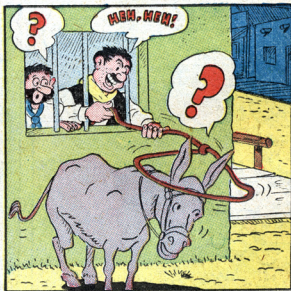
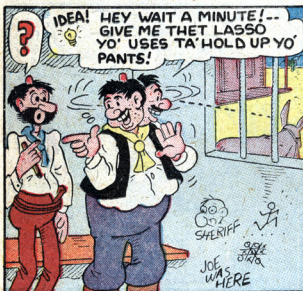
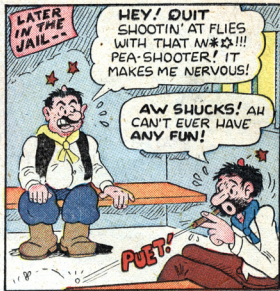
HEH, HEH, A RINGER LET'S SEE YA BEAT THAT!

EASY!

HELLO SHERIFF

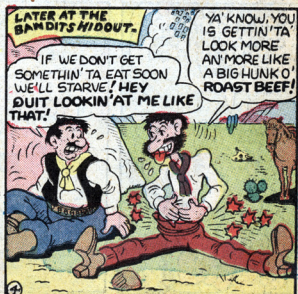
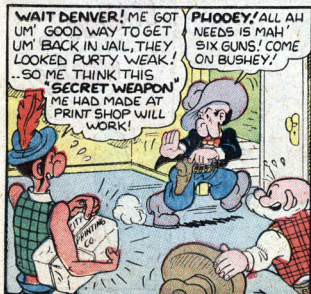
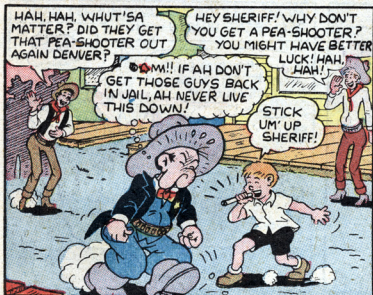
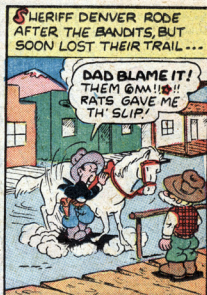
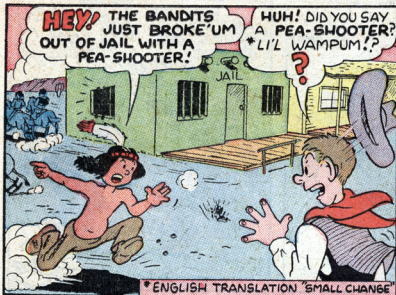




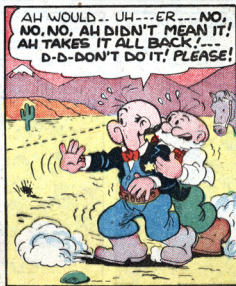
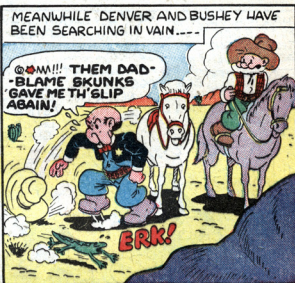
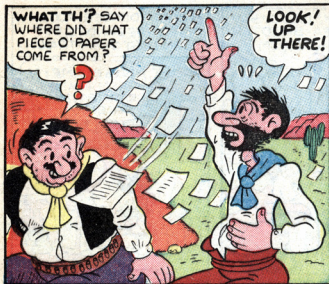




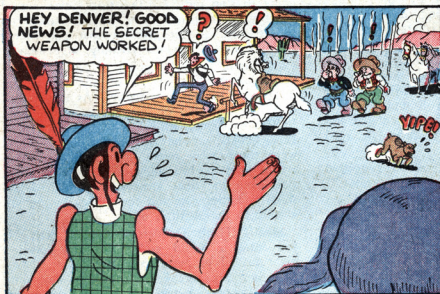
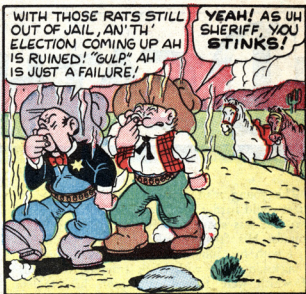
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS







# DEATH Sends 6 Shots

The young man crossing Corbin City's main street could hardly have been more than twenty-two. He was about five feet ten, weighed 140 pounds. His friendly pale blue eyes contrasted well with his auburn hair. He was dressed in a buckskin shirt, with black trousers, the ends of which were tucked into high hand-tooled leather boots. His destination was the "White Elephant," the town's leading drinking and gambling establishment. He entered the place and spoke to the bartender.

"Where can I find Frank Barons?" The bartender, without uttering a word, pointed to a door above which read a sign, "Private." The young man walked over to it and knocked. "Come in," said a heavy voice. He entered and in front of him was a heavy set middle aged man with narrow gray eyes.

"Better come back later, son," suggested Frank Barons. "Expect an important visitor."

"You expect me," was the reply. "I am Joshiah Lemell." Barons betrayed his amazement as he stared at his visitor. "Why I thought you were . . ." but he didn't finish the words. Joshiah finished them for him. ". . . a much older man." That relieved the tension and the two laughed.

"I received your letter at Virginia City. Your offer looks good. I'll work for you for two months at \$200 a week. I'm a special U.S. Deputy Marshal so there is no need of becoming a deputy sheriff. You won't have any trouble here."

"One thing I want to clear up in my mind. What's all this I hear about you not carrying a gun?" asked Frank Barons. Joshiah laughed. "It's true. This town has an anti-gun ordinance. Going to enforce it. If you don't carry a gun, you can't kill the other fellow."

"Just one question and then you're on my payroll. If someone came in and started to blaze away at you, what would you do if you had a gun? Would you kill in self-defense?" The one word answer came back in a flash, "Yes!"

Saturday evening was the busiest time at the "White Elephant." The bar was crowded and

men were elbowing their way through to get a drink. The gambling tables were full. Joshiah sat on a corner chair, his back to the wall and his eyes taking in a complete sweep of the place. Suddenly a bearded giant of a man entered. In his right hand he held a gun.

"Going to shoot up this place. Nobody's going to stop me." No two stories ever agreed about what happened next. Joshiah walked up to the man. "Better give me that gun before you get hurt," was his friendly suggestion.

"No milk fed baby going to tell Pete Burgess what to do. Get out of my way if you don't want to get hurt, sonny." As Pete pulled back the hammer of his single action Colt, Joshiah went into action. Some say he tripped Pete. Others say he threw him down. There were those who swore Joshiah twisted Pete around and pushed him down to the floor. But about the final scene they all agreed. Joshiah had the gun and took Pete Burgess for a walk to the sheriff's office.

Sheriff Hank Donners looked at Pete. "If you want to plead guilty, you can spend a night in jail or pay twenty-five dollars. Otherwise you stay here for a couple of days until Judge Coopers arrives."

"I plead guilty," snapped back Pete. "And no hard feelings 'gin this young fellow. Wish he would tell me where he learned those tricks of his."

Joshiah laughed. "Willing to oblige. Back in California we had a Chinaman cook since I was knee high. Seems that in China the religious men can't carry swords. They were often attacked by bandits. So they developed a way of handling armed men. This was later carried over to Japan and the Japanese added some new tricks to it."

"Mighty obliged," said Pete. "Maybe some day you'll teach me those tricks."

Sheriff Donner walked his young friend to the street. "Just one bit of advice. Go easy on Marty Corbin if he ever starts anything. The old gent founded this town and owns half of the Silver Grand Mine and the Bar H Ranch. Other half owned by his partner—your boss."



## COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

Slowly Joshiah retraced his steps to the "White Elephant." Something was bothering him. He had an uneasy feeling there was going to be trouble. This warning of the sheriff. And the attitude of his boss about killing in self-defense. It added up to what?

For the next week things were quiet as he sat in his chair and watched. One evening a player at one of the poker tables yelled, "You are cheating. I saw you pull a card from under the deck." In a flash, Joshiah was at the man's side. He took a derringer away from him. "If the dealer cheated you, then we'll see you get justice. But you can't take the law into your own hands." A few minutes of friendly talk, long enough to cool tempers, brought the matter to a satisfactory end.

On the next Saturday evening the place was again crowded. Into it came a middle aged man, wearing a cut away coat and striped trousers. On his head was one of the new silk hats. He went up to the bar. "Good evening, Mr. Corbin, what will you have?" asked the bartender. "The usual," was the reply and he started to diminish the contents of a full bottle of rye. Then he spun around and pushed back his coat. Everyone could see a full cartridge belt and a Colt .45.

"Hear there is a young whippersnapper in this town who is going to see no man carries a gun. Well, I founded this town and still am top man. Even if there is such a law, it doesn't apply to me."

Every eye was on Joshiah. He knew it was a challenge and would have to be met. Slowly, with deliberate steps he walked up to Marty Corbin. "I am certain you would be the last person in town to want to violate the law. Give me the gun and let's have no trouble."

"Give you the gun!" shouted the excited man, "sure you can have its contents if you try to take it away from me."

"Don't shoot him, sheriff," Joshiah yelled, "He's drunk and doesn't know what he is doing." Marty spun around and then felt an arm around him while another hand was taking away his gun. Full of rage he turned to find his gun in the hand of the young man. "You're not going to get away with this," he snorted. Then he walked out of the place. Joshiah handed the six-shooter to the bartender. "Give it back to him tomorrow when he cools off."

A half hour later Pete Burgess rushed into the place. "The Old Man is coming back. Got another gun and there's trouble in him. Better be careful."

Joshiah walked up to the bar and stood there

with his back to it. A six-shooter was pressed into his hand by Frank Barons. In a low tone he said, "A man has a right to defend himself."

The door to the "White Elephant" opened. Marty was there with his Colt in his hand. He fanned the hammer six times but Joshiah remained unharmed when he should have been a corpse. Joshiah levelled his gun at the old man who pleaded, "For God's sake, don't kill me!"

There was a deadly silence in the place as Joshiah spun around and spotted Barons behind the bar. "Watch some shooting," he announced. The first bullet went just above Barons' right ear. The next above the left ear. "You'll kill me," cried Baron. "Perhaps" was the answer, "And perhaps not. If you don't talk I'll kill you. You hired me so I could murder Marty legally. Am I right?"

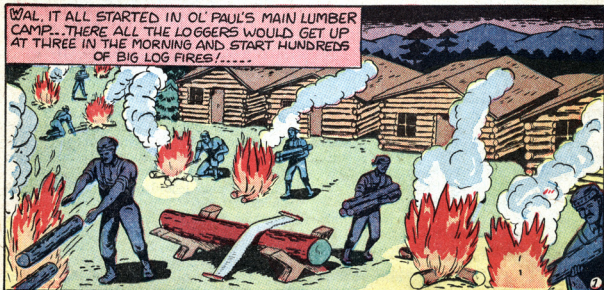
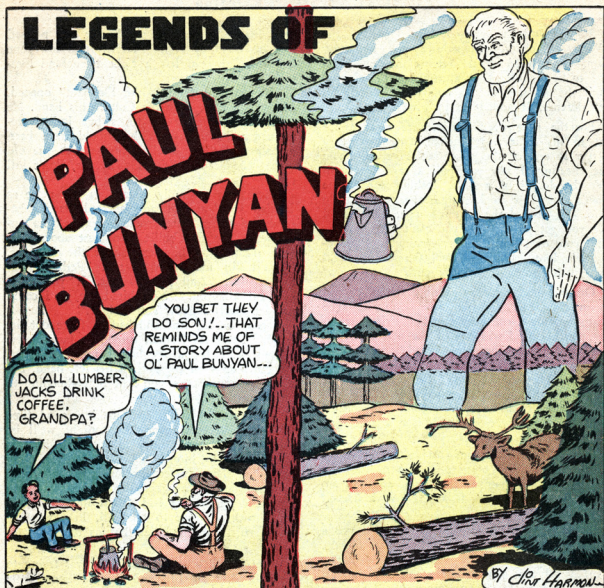
Barons bit his lips and had to force out the word, "Yes." As Joshiah turned to face Marty, Barons went for a six-shooter under the bar. He came up with the gun in his left hand, but a bullet from Pete's gun sent him slumping to the floor.

The overland coach was making good time with its two passengers. "By tonight we'll be at my ranch," said Marty to Joshiah who was seated next to him. "Never had a son. My wife died shortly after our marriage. I'm going to treat you like my son. But tell me why you suspected Barons. He had a half interest in my mine with survivor to take all. Pete was my body guard and he killed Barons to save your life."

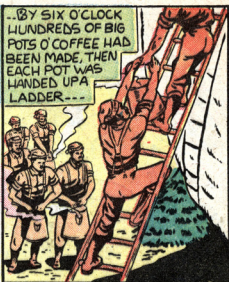
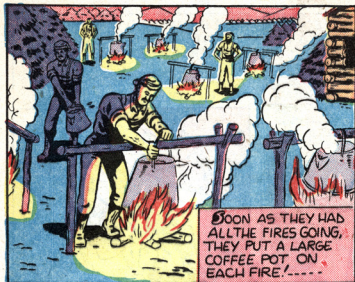
Joshiah smiled at the man who was trying to repay a debt of life and death. "Some little things made me start thinking. He was awful worried whether or not I would kill in self defense. Of course the gun you carried was given to you by Barons who met you on the street. It was loaded with blanks. He wasn't taking any chances. Suppose one of the shots went wild and hit him. And he didn't want me hurt because I was to kill you. You fired right at me. Underneath my shirt I wore a link metal coat given to me by our old Chinese servant. I heard nothing resound on the metal or touch it. Then I knew when Barons gave me the gun what his plan must have been."

Marty Corbin looked out of the stage coach window for a few minutes. He wanted to say something and when he found the words he turned to Joshiah. "Thanks son, for saving my life. Even though that brought us together, let's forget it forever."

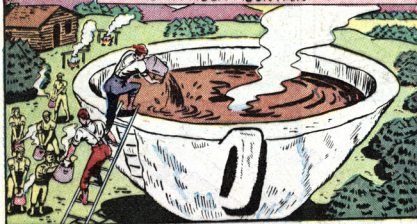
—Harold Gluck







AN' WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY WERE DOING WITH ALL THOSE POTS O' COFFEE?... WAL, THEY WERE POURING THEM IN OL' PAUL'S GIANT CUP WHICH HE HAD HEWED FROM A ROCK MOUNTAIN ----



YESSIR! THAT'S WHAT IT TOOK TO MAKE OL' PAUL ONE CUP OF COFFEE EACH MORNING.



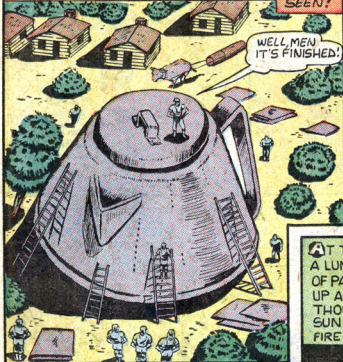
OL' PAUL WOULD OF LIKED TO HAD MORE THAN JUST ONE CUP EACH MORNING BUT HE REALIZED IT WOULD MEAN TO MUCH WORK FOR THE LOGGERS--



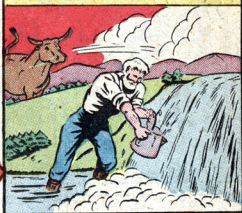
IF YOU WILL MELT DOWN SOME IRON ORE AN' MAKE A LOT OF STEEL SHEETS, -- I PROMISE YOU'LL HAVE ALL THE COFFEE YOU WANT!..WITH LESS WORK FOR TH' LOGGERS TOO!



OL' PAUL LIKED THE IDEA, AND MOLDED MANY BIG SHEETS OF STEEL, ...AN' WHAT DO YOU THINK THE LOGGERS DID WITH THEM?... WAL, THEY GOT BUSY AND BUILT TH' BIGGEST COFFEE POT THE WORLD HAD EVER SEEN!



THE POT WAS SO ENORMOUS THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE LOGGERS TO FILL IT, SO EACH NIGHT, OL' PAUL WOULD RUN OVER TO THE NIAGARA FALLS TO FILL IT -----



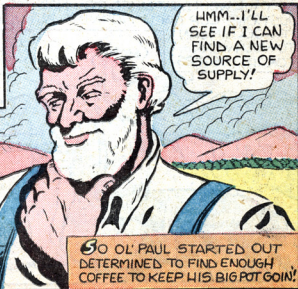
AT THREE O'CLOCK THE NEXT MORNING AT A LUMBER CAMP FIFTY MILES TO THE WEST OF PAUL'S CAMP LOGGERS WERE GETTING UP AN' GOING TO WORK, BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT THE GLARE IN THE SKY WAS THE SUN COMING UP...BUT IT WAS ONLY THE FIRE FROM OL' PAUL'S COFFEE POT!



AAH! NOW FOR THAT SECOND CUP!



EVERYTHING WENT ALONG SMOOTH FOR A WHILE, BUT, THE BIG POT WAS USING UP TH' CAMPS COFFEE SUPPLY!



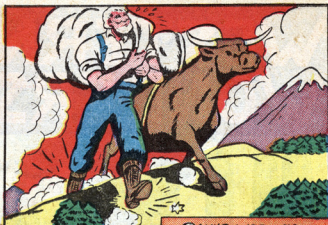
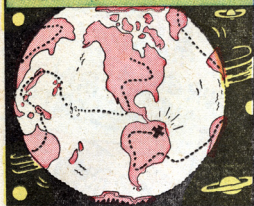
PAUL! OUR COFFEE SUPPLY IS GONE, AN' WE CAN'T GET ENOUGH FOR YOUR POT!



SO OL' PAUL STARTED OUT DETERMINED TO FIND ENOUGH COFFEE TO KEEP HIS BIG POT GOIN!

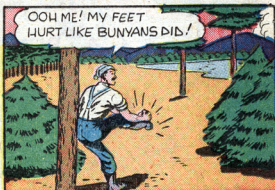
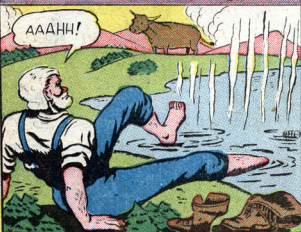


OL' PAUL SWAM NEARLY EVERY SEA AND WALKED ACROSS MOST EVERY CONTINENT BEFORE HE FINALLY FOUND THE BIG COFFEE FIELDS OF BRAZIL!-----



PAUL'S WORRIES WERE OVER, HE HAD PLENTY OF COFFEE NOW! BUT THE SEARCH HAD BEEN A LONG ONE AN' PAUL'S FEET WAS HURTIN' LIKE THUNDER!

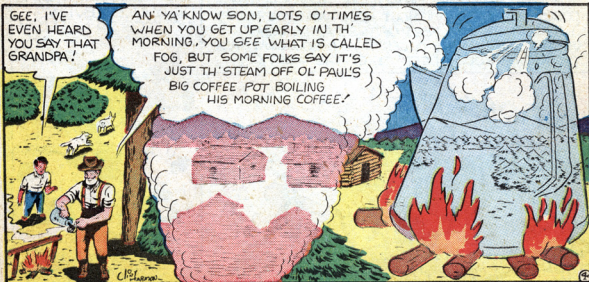
HIS FEET HURT SO BAD FROM HIS LONG WALK, THAT HE SOAKED HIS FEET IN ONE OF THE GREAT LAKES FOR THREE DAYS!



SO EVER AFTER THAT WHEN THE LOGGERS FEET WOULD START TO HURT FROM TOO MUCH WALKIN' THEY WOULD SAY THEIR "FEET HURT LIKE BUNYANS DID"! AN' SO THAT'S HOW COME FOLKS TO START SAYIN' THEY HAVE "BUNIONS".

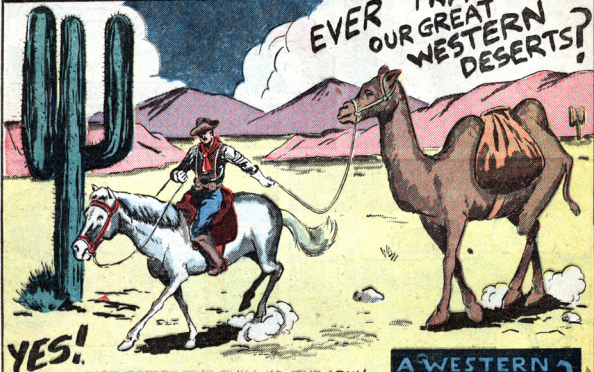
GEE, I'VE EVEN HEARD YOU SAY THAT GRANDPA!

AN' YA' KNOW SON, LOTS O' TIMES WHEN YOU GET UP EARLY IN TH' MORNING, YOU SEE WHAT IS CALLED FOG, BUT SOME FOLKS SAY IT'S JUST TH' STEAM OFF OL' PAUL'S BIG COFFEE POT BOILING HIS MORNING COFFEE!



# WESTERN WONDERS

DID  
CAMELS  
TRAVEL  
EVER  
OUR GREAT  
WESTERN  
DESERTS?



YES!

JUST BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR THE ARMY THOUGHT THE CAMEL COULD BE USED ON THE WESTERN DESERTS AS THEY ARE USED IN EGYPT AND OTHER FOREIGN DESERTS, ... FOR A WHILE THEY THOUGHT THE CAMEL WOULD MAKE THE OLD ARMY MULE OBSOLETE. BECAUSE THEY COULD GO LONGER WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER! BUT, THE SOFT PADDED FEET OF THE CAMEL WERE USED TO THE SANDY DESERTS AND COULDN'T TAKE THE ROCKY ROUGH DESERTS OF THE WEST!

## A WESTERN RIDDLE

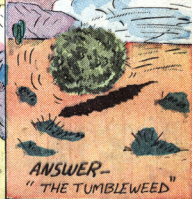
TRY THIS ON A FRIEND

WHAT DO YOU FIND IN THE WEST, THAT TRAVELS MANY MILES, BUT HAS NO LEGS OR WHEELS?

## THE DESERT WATER TANKS!



THE BARREL CACTUS HAS BEEN KNOWN TO SAVE THE LIVES OF MEN LOST ON THE DESERT! ... BECAUSE THIS CACTUS STORES UP MOISTURE!



ANSWER—  
"THE TUMBLEWEED"

C. PUT HARMON



# LEGENDS OF

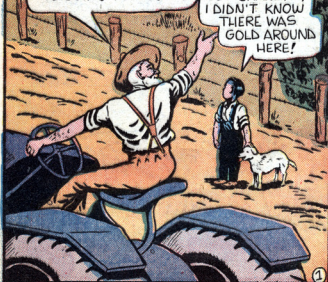
# THE OLD WEST



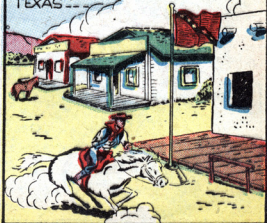
## "THE MYSTERY OF TWIN MOUNDS"

SO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT THEY ARE DIGGING FOR EH, SON? WAL BELIEVE IT OR NOT THEY'RE A'DIGGING FER GOLD!

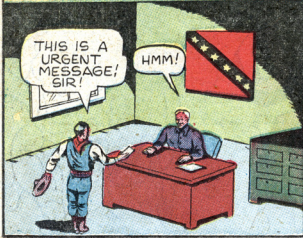
GEE GRANDPA, I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS GOLD AROUND HERE!



WAL SON, I'LL TELL YOU TH' WHOLE STORY...IT STARTS WAY BACK IN 1861 DURING TH' FIRST OF TH' CIVIL WAR...WHEN A RIDER CAME THUNDERING UP TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF COLONEL DOUGLAS H. COOPER CONFEDERATE COMMANDER IN TEXAS ---



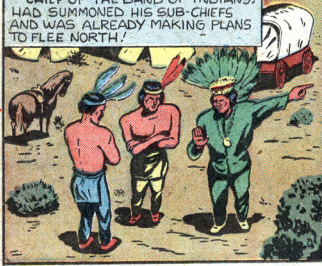
THE RIDER WAS A TEXAS RANGER DELIVERING A MESSAGE TO COLONEL COOPER---



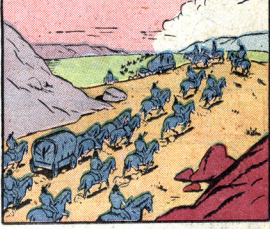
HMM! THERE IS A BAND OF TWO THOUSAND INDIANS KNOWN TO BE SYMPATHETIC TO THE NORTH IN THIS AREA, THEY HAVE BEEN PAID A LARGE AMOUNT OF MONEY IN GOLD COIN BY THE GOVERNMENT WE ARE TO ATTACK THEM!



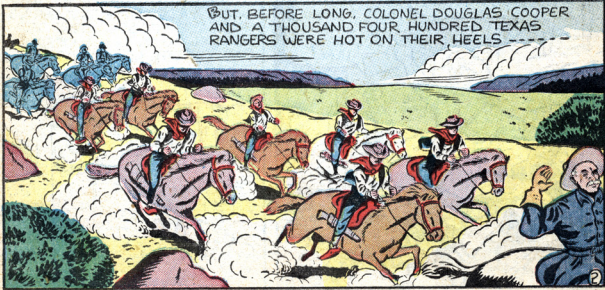
BUT MEANWHILE, CHIEF OPTHLE-YAHOLA CHIEF OF THE BAND OF INDIANS, HAD SUMMONED HIS SUB-CHIEFS AND WAS ALREADY MAKING PLANS TO FLEE NORTH!



THE INDIANS HAD SEVERAL WAGONS AND WERE SOON PACKED UP AND STREAMING NORTH WITH THEIR GOLD COIN FORTUNE---



BUT, BEFORE LONG, COLONEL DOUGLAS COOPER AND A THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED TEXAS RANGERS WERE HOT ON THEIR HEELS---





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

... LATER THE INDIANS HAD CROSSED INTO THE TERRITORY WHICH IS NOW THE STATE OF OKLAHOMA... AND ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER THE 18TH 1861 THEY MADE THEIR CAMP ON SALT CREEK NEAR TWO HILLS CALLED "TWIN MOUNDS."

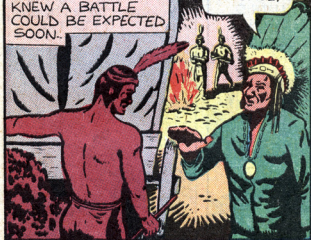


... SCOUTS WERE POSTED A'TOP THE TWIN MOUNDS--AND COULD SEE THE CAMP FIRES OF THE RANGERS NOT FAR AWAY....



..WHEN THIS WAS REPORTED TO CHIEF OPTHLE-YAHOLA HE KNEW A BATTLE COULD BE EXPECTED SOON..

SUMMON MY SUB-CHIEFS AT ONCE!



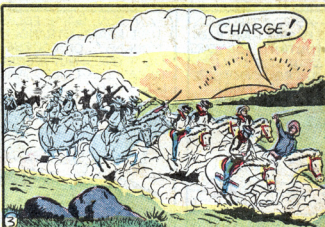
THE CHIEF ORDERED THE GOLD GATHERED UP AND PUT IN ONE CHEST--



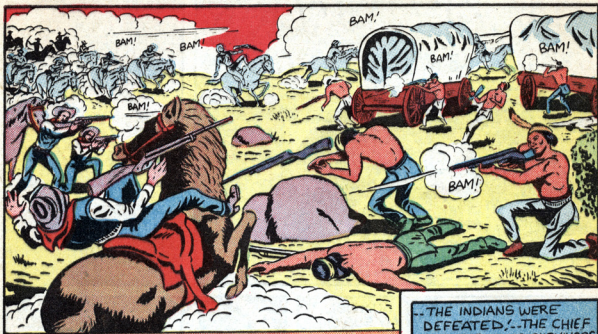
..THEN TURNED IT OVER TO HIS SUB-CHIEFS DIRECTING THEM TO HIDE IT!



CHARGE!

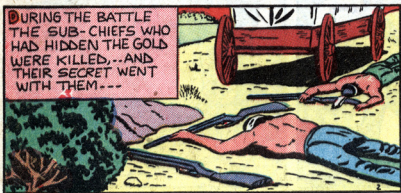


THE NEXT MORNING JUST AS THE SUN PEEPED UP OVER THE BLACK JACK TREES-- THE RANGERS ATTACKED----



THIS WAS A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE ---- IN THIS CASE THE TABLES WERE TURNED... THE WHITE MEN WERE ATTACKING AN' INDIAN WAGON TRAIN!

DURING THE BATTLE  
THE SUB-CHIEFS WHO  
HAD HIDDEN THE GOLD  
WERE KILLED,--AND  
THEIR SECRET WENT  
WITH THEM.--



...THE INDIANS WERE  
DEFEATED!...THE CHIEF  
AND THE OTHER SURVIVORS  
ABANDONED THEIR WAGONS  
AND FLED ON TO THE  
PROMISED SAFETY IN  
KANSAS!... ONLY SIX  
RANGERS WERE KILLED  
AND THREE WOUNDED!

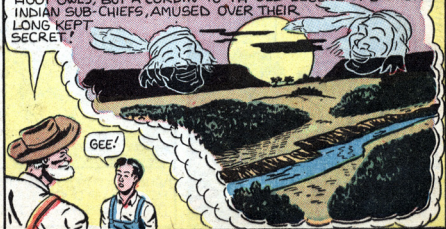


--AS FOR THE GOLD,  
.. PEOPLE HAVE BEEN  
HUNTIN' IT FOR YEARS  
.. BUT IT'S STILL  
THERE SOMEWHERE  
AROUND \*TWIN  
MOUNDS!



\*TWIN MOUNDS  
ARE LOCATED  
SEVEN MILES  
NORTHWEST OF  
CUSHING, OKLA.

AN' SON, SOME FOLKS SAY THAT ON DARK NIGHTS, THEY HAVE HEARD STRANGE NOISES, LIKE LAUGHTER NEAR TWIN MOUNDS. -- OF COURSE IT COULD JUST BE COYOTES OR HOOT OWLS, BUT A'CORDIN' TO TH' OLD LEGEND IT'S THEM INDIAN SUB-CHIEFS, AMUSED OVER THEIR LONG KEPT SECRET!

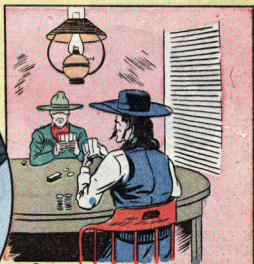
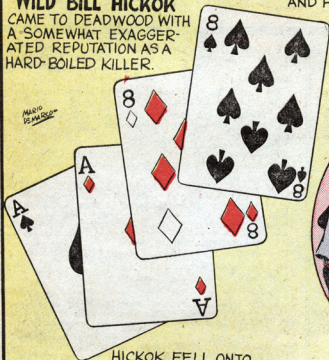




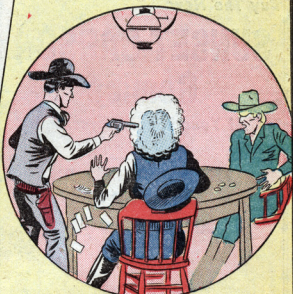
# "THE DEAD MAN'S HAND"



"WILD BILL" HICKOK CAME TO DEADWOOD WITH A SOMEWHAT EXAGGERATED REPUTATION AS A HARD-BOILED KILLER.



WILD BILL'S MURDER BY JACK McCALL HAS BECOME THE MOST CELEBRATED SHOOTING IN THE WHOLE HISTORY OF THE WEST. ON AUGUST 2, 1876, AS WAS HIS DAILY CUSTOM, WILD BILL SAT DOWN AT A POKER TABLE WITH SEVERAL FRIENDS, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, HE SAT WITH HIS BACK FACING THE OPEN DOOR. THE GAME HAD BEEN IN PROGRESS LESS THAN AN HOUR WHEN-

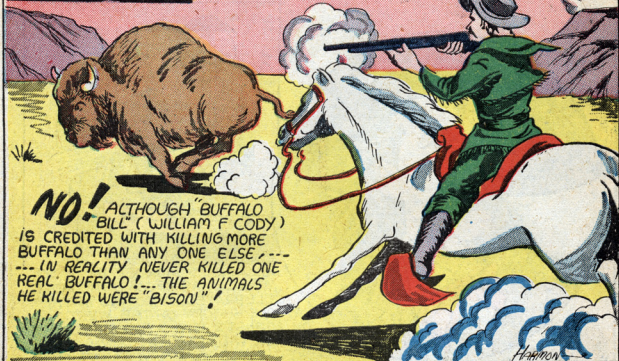


HICKOK FELL ONTO THE TABLE, AND HIS POKER HAND, ACES AND EIGHTS DROPPED GENTLY TO THE FLOOR TO BE KNOWN FOREVER AFTER AS "THE DEAD MAN'S HAND."

JACK McCALL, A STRANGER IN TOWN, WALKED OVER FROM THE BAR AND SHOT WILD BILL IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD.

# WESTERN WONDERS

## DID BUFFALO BILL KILL ANY BUFFALO?



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP HERE

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Of Cowboy Western Comics published bi-monthly at Derby, Connecticut for October, 1950.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Ed Levy, Derby, Conn.  
Editor, Burton N. Levy, Derby, Conn.  
Managing Editor, Burton N. Levy, Derby, Conn.  
Business Manager, John Santangelo, Derby, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholder owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other incorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Charlton Comics, Incorporated, Derby, Conn.  
Ed Levy, Derby, Conn.  
Hortense R. Levy, Derby, Conn.  
John Santangelo, Derby, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 & 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

BURTON N. LEVY, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of Sept, 1950  
(SEAL)

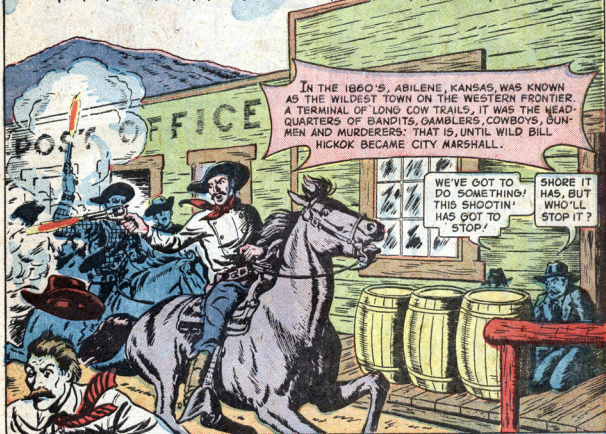
Edward A. Handi  
Notary Public

(My commission expires Nov. 16, 1954)



# Wild BILL Hickok

## SHERIFF OF ABILENE



A MEETING IS HELD AND ABILENE'S INDIGNANT CITIZENS GATHER TO DECIDE A COURSE OF ACTION.

ONE OF US HAS TO BECOME MARSHALL. THIS STAMPEDING OF TH' PEACE MUST STOP!

WHO WANTS THE JOB? MARSHALLS IN THIS TOWN DON'T LIVE LONG.



SEND FOR WILD BILL HICKOK--HE CAN CLEAN UP THIS TOWN!

I DON'T THINK ONE MAN CAN DO IT.

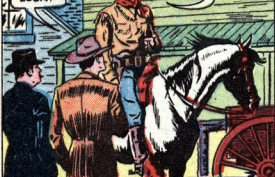
IF ANYONE CAN, IT'S WILD BILL!



WILD BILL HEADED ABILENE'S PLEAS AND SOON THE GREATEST GUNFIGHTER OF THEM ALL TOOK OFFICE AS CITY MARSHALL.

IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY, BILL. OODD LUCK!

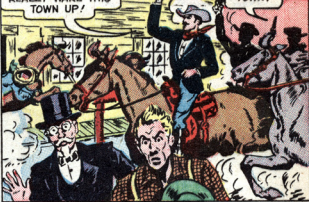
RECKON AH'LL DO THE BEST AH CAN, SIR!



AT ALMOST THE EXACT SAME MOMENT, PHIL COLE AND HIS GANG, THE MOST RUTHLESS KILLERS OF THE WEST, RIDE INTO TOWN--

COME ON, BOYS! LET'S REALLY WAKE THIS TOWN UP!

SURE, LET 'EM KNOW PHIL COLE'S IN TOWN!



HE'S WORST OF THEM ALL!

YOU BETTER GIT, COLE! WILD BILL HICKOK IS MARSHALL HERE NOW!

HAW, HAW, HAW!



DANCE, MISTER--AN' YOU CAN TELL WILD BILL, PHIL COLE WILL SHOOT HIM ON SIGHT!



PHIL'S MESSAGE IS NOT LONG IN REACHING WILD BILL.

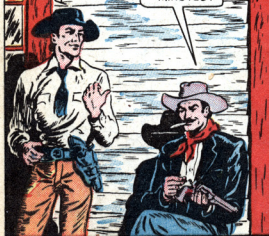
RECKON AH'LL NEED A DEPUTY, ED--

EF MY GUNS CAN HELP GET RID OF PHIL COLE--I'M MIGHTY PROUD TO BE ALONG!



HERE COMES TH' MARSHALL, PHIL.

HE'LL WISH HE HADN'T IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!



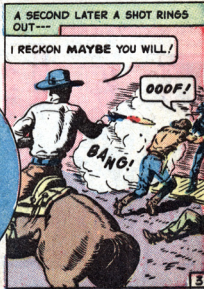
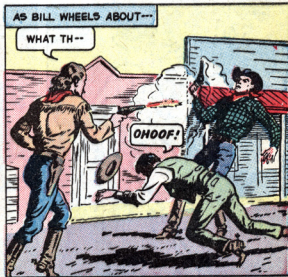
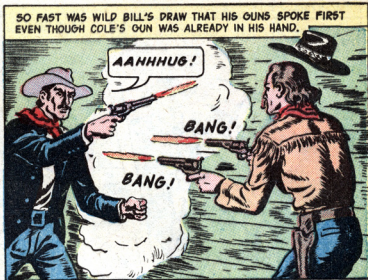
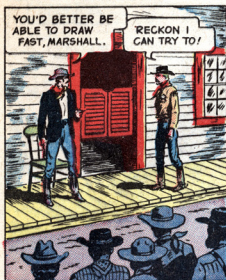
I'M ARRESTIN' YOU, PHIL COLE, FER DISTURBIN' THE PEACE. GIT UP!

I RECKON YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE ME, HICKOK!





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



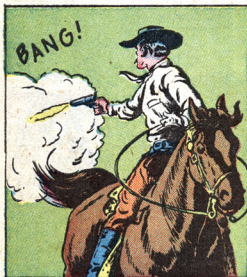
MIRACULOUSLY, BILL WAS ONLY WOUNDED.

I'M ALL RIGHT.  
IT'S JUST MY  
SHOULDER.

THAT WAS PHIL COLE'S  
COUSIN JIM!

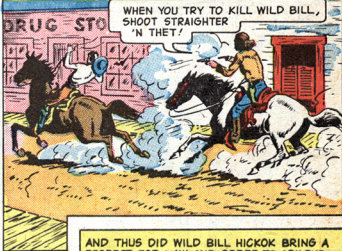
ALTHOUGH BADLY WOUNDED, BILL SWUNG INTO HIS  
SADDLE AND--

AH'LL GET HIM IF I HAVE  
TO FOLLOW HIM TO  
MEXICO!



BANG!

AND THEN WILD BILL'S OPPORTUNITY CAME.



WHEN YOU TRY TO KILL WILD BILL,  
SHOOT STRAIGHTER  
'N THET!

WHAT SHOOTIN'! BILL HIT HIM  
SIX TIMES BEFORE HE HIT  
THE GROUND!

--AND WITH HIS SHOULDER  
WOUNDED!



AND THUS DID WILD BILL HICKOK BRING A  
RESPECT FOR LAW AND ORDER TO ABILENE.  
FROM THAT DAY FORTH, NO ONE DARED THE  
VENGEANCE OF BILL'S SMOKING GUNS.

WELL, THINGS ARE  
GETTING TOO QUIET  
HEREABOUTS FOR  
ME. RECKON AH'LL  
MOVE ON.

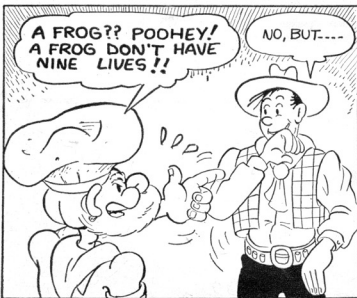
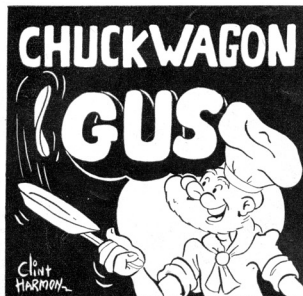
WHAT YOU'VE DONE,  
BILL, ABILENE WILL  
ALWAYS REMEMBER!

WE'LL MISS  
YOU, BILL!



the end







# BUNK!

NOBODY IS JUST "Naturally"

# SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll  
Give YOU A NEW BODY

**W**OULD you believe it? I was once a skinny 97-pound weakling. People used to laugh at my spindly build. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title, "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

#### WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS!

#### ARE YOU

Skinny and run down?  
Always tired?  
Nervous?  
Lacking in Confidence?  
Constipated?  
Suffering from bad breath?

Do you want to gain weight?  
**WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT** is told on this page!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, ambition, self-confidence, and new energy!

#### "Dynamic Tension" Builds You NATURALLY

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body. In a very short time, you'll watch it grow and multiply into real, solid, rippling, LIVE MUSCLE.

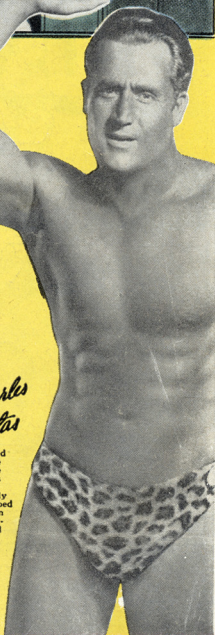
#### FREE BOOK

Mail coupon now. I'll send my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Mail coupon to me personally, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 135 B, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



*Charles Atlas*

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in an international contest.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 135 B  
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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# COWBOY WESTERN

32

APRIL-MAY 1951

COVER - "P" = KEATS PETREE?

1fc - The POKER HAND That Won A RANCH	DEMARCO*	1
JESSE JAMES	FRED BECK	4
HAPPY HOMER	HARMON*	1
ANNIE OAKLEY	FRED BECK	4
DM & BB - Soups On	HARMON*	6
DEATH SENDS 6 SHOTS	TEXT	2
LEGENDS OF PAUL BUNTAN	HARMON*	4
WESTERN WONDERS	HARMON*	1
LEGENDS of the Old WEST - Twin Mounds	HARMON*	4
The DEAD MAN'S HAND	DEMARCO*	1
WESTERN WONDERS	HARMON*	1/2
O.S.		
WBH - SHERIFF of ABILENE	ALLISON	4
1bc - CHUCK WAGON GUS	HARMON*	1